

Carole King, Goat Annie

When I was young I used to see her
Herdin' her goats on the hillside
No one knows
And she ain't tellin' her age
I'd say she's just about seventy-five

She's an old timer tryin'
To hold on to what she's got
They call her Goat Annie

I still remember the stories
The townspeople told to each other
Just because she liked her goats
Better than people
They said the devil was her brother

She never paid them no mind
She just kept on
Bein' herself - Goat Annie

She's a rare individual
One of a dying breed
Everything she's got
Right now
Is all she'll ever need

One day the government decided
They had to have
The land she lived on
They came with the papers
Polite as could be
They said she had just thirty days
To get gone

You could see them smirking
We're just doin' our job here
You understand, Goat Annie

She said, I was born and raised here
Ain't never done wrong to no one
You ain't gonna
Throw me off my land, not
Me or my goats or my shotgun

Then she leveled her 12-gauge
With a blast, she sent 'em packin'
Go, Goat Annie

Next day they came with the lawmen
But that didn't get 'em nowhere
Rather than shoot
At a poor old lady
They decided to let her
Live her days out there

It doesn't happen very often
But there are still some people
With heart
Like Goat Annie